

2 TWO *Eng Poetry vol 38.*
EPISTLES.

The FIRST,
To a Young NOBLEMAN from his
PRECEPTOR.

Written in the Year 1735-6.

The SECOND,
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Countess of HARTFORD,
At *Percy-Lodge*: In the Year 1744.

By the Rev^d. Mr. *DALTON*, A. M.
and Fellow of *Queen's College in Oxford*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall*.

M.DCC.XLV.

TWO

EPITAPH

IN THE

CHURCH OF ST. MARY

IN THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

IN THE

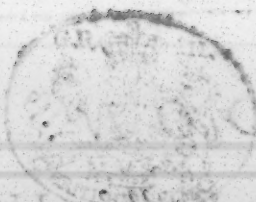
CHURCH OF ST. MARY

IN THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

IN THE

CHURCH OF ST. MARY



Printed for R. Dooley at the Press of J. M. Smith

1827

T H E

PREFACE to the *Reader*.

THE first of the two following EPISTLES was written by the Author soon after his Undertaking the Care of the Education of the NOBLE PERSON, to whom it is address'd, and who was then very Young. It was written from the Heart, and from a full Persuasion, that Persons born to such Honours, Fortune, and Power in a Free Country, cannot be too early nor too strongly warn'd of the peculiar Self-debasement in Them of a needless Avarice, false Pride, and wrong Ambition. The Freedom and Sincerity, with which it was written, were judged by him to be the truest Marks of that Affection

iv *The Preface to the Reader.*

and Respect, which he was most ambitious of shewing for the amiable Object of his Care. They were receiv'd by Him as such ; and, notwithstanding the Imperfection of This, as well as the other Endeavours of the Author to discharge the important Task committed to him, were crown'd with Success. For the Proof of This, the Author can now only appeal to the Testimony of those, who had the Pleasure of knowing most intimately, and thence most esteeming that NOBLE YOUTH. For He, alas ! to the irreparable Loss of his afflicted Parents and Friends, and (as far as human Appearances can be trusted to) of his Country, is, with the promising Example of his Virtues, for ever removed from their Enjoyment here, where he can now live only in the Memories of those, to whom he was so justly dear ; and for whose Affliction he, with a calm and Christian Heroism, express'd, at the approach of Death, a more tender Concern, than for the
Loss

The Preface to the Reader. v

Loss of Life itself. That he may not only still survive in their Remembrance, but perhaps remain a winning Example of Virtue and Goodness to others of his Age and Station in the World, it is the Intention of the Author, how imperfectly soever, to contribute his Share. And this is the chief End, which he now proposes by the Publication of the following EPISTLE ; but more especially of a P O E M on his Death, by which these two EPISTLES will be succeeded ; if the Author does not vainly flatter himself in his present Hopes of discharging that mournful Duty with Propriety.

Of the second EPISTLE it is not necessary to say any thing more to the READER, than that it was first written in Hopes of amusing the NOBLE PERSON, to whom it was sent. The Author has been induced to publish it now, by the favourable, and perhaps partial Opinion, which

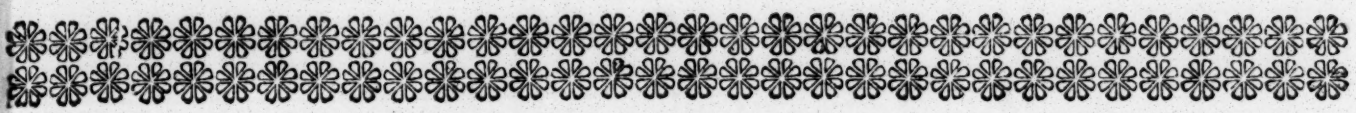
vi *The Preface to the Reader.*

which several of his Friends, who have since read it, have entertain'd of it, and which makes him hope, it may afford some Amusement to the READER. - - - But it is much more necessary for him to beg the Excuse of those Persons of distinguish'd Rank and Goodness (who were occasionally mention'd in it) for thus taking the Liberty of indulging himself in the Pleasure of giving this Public Testimony of his Honour and Esteem for their Characters.



EPISTLE

ad
m
he
or
n-
o-
ty
ng
em



EPISTLE I.

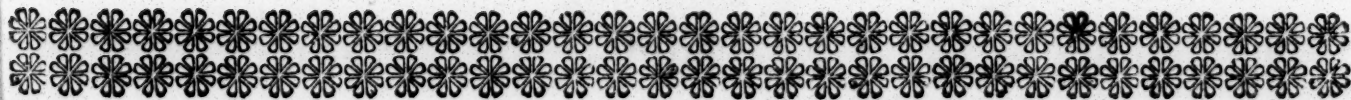
To a Young NOBLEMAN.

----- *Sanctus haberi*

Iustitiæque tenax dictis factisque mereris?

Agnosco PROCEREM-----

JUVEN. Sat. viii.







T O

The Right Honourable

T H E

Lord Visc^t BEAUCHAMP.

MY LORD,

“ **W**HAT is NOBILITY,” you wish to know,
The real substance stripp’d of all its show :
And can you then the honest freedom bear
Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear ?
5 Or shall I say-----“ Such beauty, birth, estate,
“ Must make their owner lov’d, and make him great !
“ Above the mean restraint of vulgar rules,
“ Your will a law, Plebeians but your tools,

B

“ While

“ While mingling with your blood each honour flows,
10 “ And in each pulse a P E R C Y’s ardor glows ? ” ---

Not so the muse : she teaches you to know,
How vain those honours, you to others owe !
Who rise to glory, must by virtue rise,
’Tis in the mind all genuine greatness lies :
15 On that eternal base, on that alone,
The world’s esteem you build, and more - - - your own.

Tho’ P E R C Y, S E Y M O U R, mighty names ! combine
To swell your blood, to dignify your line ;
For you tho’ fortune all her stores has spread,
20 And beauty points to pleasure’s rosy bed ;
Yet what avail birth, beauty, fortune’s store,
The plume of title, and the pride of power,
If deaf to virtue, deaf to honour’s call,
To tyrant vice a wretched slave you fall ?
25 To vice, paternal laurels you must yield ;
Revers’d each triumph, lost each purple field,
Your fires no more their captive foes detain,
You pay the ransom, and you break the chain ;

No more your high-descended fame we view,
 30 No HARTFORD fought, no PERCY bled for you.

I know, my Lord, Ambition fills your mind,
 And in life's voyage is th' impelling wind ;
 But at the helm, let sober reason stand,
 And steer the bark, with heav'n-directed hand :
 35 So shall you safe Ambition's gales receive,
 And ride securely, tho' the billows heave ;
 So shall you shun the giddy hero's fate,
 And by her influence be both good and great.

She bids you first, in life's soft vernal hours,
 40 With active industry, wake nature's powers :
 With rising years, still rising arts display ;
 With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.
 'Tis now the time young passion to command,
 While yet the pliant stem obeys the hand ;
 45 Guide now the courser with a steddied rein,
 Ere yet he bounds o'er pleasure's flow'ry plain :
 In passion's strife, no medium you can have ;
 You rule a master, or submit a slave.

“ For whom these toils, you may perhaps enquire” ;
50 First for *your self* : Next nature will inspire,
The filial thought, fond wish and kindred tear,
Which make the Parent and the Sister dear :
To these, in closest bands of love, ally’d,
Their joy or grief you live, their shame or pride :
55 Hence timely learn to make their bliss your own,
And scorn to think or act for self *alone* ;
Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
Their honour, grandeur, dignity and praise.
But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
60 Of family, Ambition searches round ;
Searches to find the Friend’s delightful face,
The friend at least demands the second place.
And yet beware : for most desire a friend
From meaner motives, not for virtue’s end.
65 There are, who with fond favour’s fickle gale
Now sudden swell, and now contract their sail ;
This week devour, the next with sickening eye
Avoid, and cast the fully’d play-thing by ;

There

There are, who, tossing in the bed of vice,
70 For flattery's opiate give the highest price ;
Yet from the saving hand of friendship turn,
Her med'cines dread, her generous offers spurn.
Deserted greatness ! who but pities thee ?
By crowds encompass'd, thou no friend canst see :
75 Or should kind truth invade thy tender ear,
We pity still ; for thou no truth canst hear.
Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to swell an useless state,
Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great :
For friends ne'er mixing in ambitious strife,
80 For friends, the richest furniture of life !

Be your's, my Lord, a nobler, higher aim,
Your pride to burn with friendship's sacred flame ;
By virtue kindl'd, by like manners fed,
By mutual wishes, mutual favours spread,
85 Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
Pour all it's boundless ardours thro' your mind.
Be your's the care a chosen band to gain ;
With them to glory's radiant summit strain,

Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
90 Who best, who bravest, shall assist his friend.

Thus still should private friendships spread around,
Till in their joint embrace the Publick's found,
The common friend! ----Then all her good explore,
Explor'd, pursue with each unbiass'd power.

95 But chief the greatest should her laws revere,
Ennobling honours, which she bids them wear.

A British Noble is a dubious name,
Of lowest infamy, or highest fame :

Born to redress an injur'd orphan's cause,
100 To smooth th' unequal frown of rigid laws ;
To stand an isthmus of our well-mix'd state,
Where rival pow'rs with restless billows beat,
And from each side alike the fury fling,
Of madd'ning commons, or incroaching king.

105 How mean, who scorns his country's sacred voice !
By birth a patriot, but a slave by choice.
How great, who answers this illustrious end,
Whom prince and people call their equal friend !

" Yes, there I'll rest ; ambition toils no more,
 110 " That goal attain'd, sure her long race is o'er."
 Alas ! 'tis scarce begun : ambition smiles
 At the poor limits of the British isles ;
 She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
 Expands with Christian Charity the mind,
 115 And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
 Her country all beneath one ambient sky ;
 Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,
 To whom one sun impartial gives the day,
 To whom the silver moon her milder ray,
 120 Whom the same water, earth, and air sustain,
 O'er whom one Parent-King extends his reign,
 Are her compatriots all, by her belov'd,
 In nature near, tho' far by space remov'd ;
 On common earth, no foreigner she knows ;
 125 No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes :
 Ready she stands her chearful aid to lend ;
 To want and woe an undemanded friend.
 Nor thus advances others bliss alone ;
 But in the way to their's still finds her own.

Their's

- 130 Their's is her own. What, should your taper light
Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright ?
"Men are ungrateful."—Be they so, that dare !
Is that the giver's, or receiver's care ?
Oh ! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
135 To think, those e're repent whose *hearts* bestow !
Man to his maker thus best homage pays,
Thus peaceful walks thro' virtue's pleasing ways :
Her gentle image on the soul imprest,
Bids each tempestuous passion leave the breast :
140 Thence with her livid self-devouring snakes
Pale Envy flies ; her quiver Slander breaks :
Thus falls (dire scourge of a distracted age !)
The knave-led, one-ey'd monster, Party-Rage.
Ambition jostles with her friends no more ;
145 Nor thirsts Revenge to drink a brother's gore ;
Fury-Remorse no stinging scorpions rears ;
O'er trembling Guilt no falling sword appears.
Hence Conscience, void of blame, her front erects,
Her God she fears, all other fear rejects.

150 Hence Just Ambition boundless splendours crown,
And hence she calls eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd * *Scipio* past his glorious days.
Blest with his Kindred's, Friend's, and Country's praise.
Nor ended there the human hero's thought,
155 Nor in the Roman was the man forgot ;
In the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
He doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
The World's great patriot he !---By fame inspir'd,
His youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd ;
160 He thro' Rome's sons the brave contagion spread,
Now led to conquest, now to wisdom led ;
Pleas'd, or to still the Forum's civil roar,
Or muse, *Cajeta*, on thy bending shore ;
Free from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
165 To taste a friend amid the rural shade :
There deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
There deep thro' time his country's fate surveys,
While from his tongue sublimest precepts flow---
“ How man but sojourns on this spot below,

C

“ How

* *Scipio Africanus Æmilianus.*

170 "How mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
"Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind ;
"For heaven, how virtue can alone prepare,
"And vice wou'd find herself unhappy there."
Hence, loos'd from earth, his pure affections soar,
175 Where sensual pleasure cheats the soul no more.
Beneath his feet do nations treasures lye ?
Millions he views with unretorted eye.
His country's manners does corruption drown ?
He, blameless censor ! stems them by his own.
180 Did kingdoms groan ? he bade oppression cease,
Stern tyrants aw'd, and hush'd the world to peace.
Did justice call ? He car'd not what became
Of life, or of life's sweetest breath, his fame :
For her he dar'd the noble's, people's hate,
185 For her he liv'd, for her resign'd to fate.
These were his honours, his high triumphs these !
Oh ! how unlike the slaves of wealth and ease :
With plenty curst, to make their life a void,
Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,

190 They seek some livery'd friend to drag away
The heavy, cumb'rous, miserable day.

There are, my Lord, that with unfeeling ear
A SCIPIO's, SYDNEY's, FALKLAND's glory hear,
Unmov'd a LONSDALE's spotless honour see,
195 Wife, studious, generous, loyal, just, and free !
Are proof to every lure of honest fame ;
And yet of sycophants would buy a name ;
Hence birds of throat obscene and greedy maw,
The chatt'ring magpye, the tale-bearing daw,
200 Rooks, vultures, harpies, their vile board surround,
While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
Flies to the private shade, the pure retreat,
And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
What, tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
205 Nor swords e'er seek her foes on crimson plains ?
Yet, BLOUNT shall own they drive six horses well,
And MORDINGTON's their bolder courage tell,
Their name with MORDAUNT's POPE disdains to sing,
Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring.

210 What tho' (ye fair!) they break thro' honour's laws?
Yet thence they gain a modish world's applause:
Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boast is still the same,
And still they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping state,
215 But rescu'd operas from impending fate.
Their bounty never bids affliction smile,
But pampers fiddlers with the tradesman's spoil.
No Goth to learning e'er was foe so fell,
Yet their bought praises dedications swell;
220 Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
The first of sharpers, tho' the last of peers.
In vain for such may domes on domes arise,
With heads audacious, and invade the skies;
In vain dishonour'd stars dart mimick rays,
225 To give their fordid breasts a borrow'd blaze;
In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
Swell hundred hills, and spread an hundred plains:
If mean, still meaner by their lofty state,
(So statues lessen by a base too great)

230 With birth ignoble, poor amid their store,
Obscur'd by splendour, impotent with power,
By titles stain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
Court'd by flatt'ry, but by merit scorn'd,
The slaves of slaves, corruption's dirty tools,
235 The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.

Rise then, my Lord, with nobler ardour rise !
And whilst your fires before your ravish'd eyes
Pass in a grand review, oh ! pant for fame,
And by your actions dignify their name,
240 Transmitting thence, with heighten'd lustre down,
Honours, that may your future offspring crown !

That fight the muse with pleasing hope surveys,
While to the blissful hour her fancy strays,
When in the HARTFORD of another age
245 The same fair virtues shall your soul engage ;
The same soft meekness and majestic mien
Shall cheer the private, grace the public scene.
From her, to glad at once your ears and eyes,
A fair ELIZA shall with spirit rise,

250 With

250 With lively humour, yet devoid of blame,
And be, with sweet variety, the same ;
O'er some blest heart confirm her lasting sway,
With reason sprightly, and with goodness gay.
When to another BEAUCHAMP you shall owe
255 Those joys, that with your dawning virtues grow,
In him again be born, again shall live,
And take that happiness, which now you give.
Heav'n has on you pour'd down his kindest show'r,
Health, riches, honours, blest'd your natal hour ;
260 At once an elegance of form and mind,
To please, to serve, and to adorn your kind ;
In manners gentle, but in genius strong ;
Tho' gay, collected, and polite tho' young.

These bounteous heav'n bestows ! 'tis your's to raise
265 His gifts, and from their use derive your praise :
His the materials, your's the work must be ;
Your choice, my Lord, is fame or infamy.

Oh ! should your virtues in pure current flow,
And wealth and pleasure all around bestow,

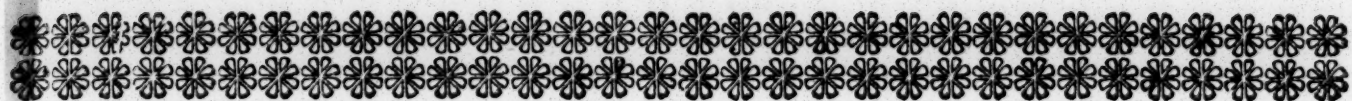
Till

Till earth no more their length'ning stream can bound,
Nor sinks their fame in time's vast ocean drown'd,
Say, might the muse to future age declare,
270 They were her early honour and her care?
That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
She form'd their channel, and their course she steer'd?
Might then this fond ambitious verse pretend,
275 She taught the pupil, yet preserv'd the friend;
First twin'd the wreaths, that shall your temples crown,
Still in your glory happier than her own?

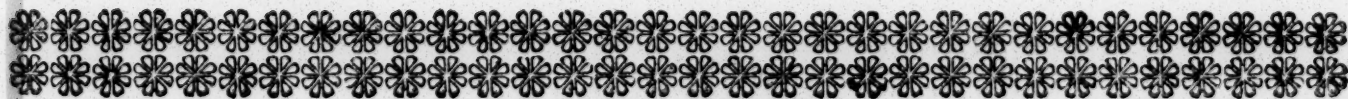


EPISTLE

2011年11月11日



EPISTLE the SECOND.



CHORD



T O
The Right Honourable
T H E
Countess of HARTFORD,
At *Percy-Lodge.*

Y O U ask me, Madam, if the muse
From COLEBROOKE still my steps pursues :
Take then (but first your patience lend)
Her story thus from end to end.
5 She, that at BATH, so debonair,
Sung gallant DAMON and his fair,

To beauteous TOWNSEND tun'd her lyre,
And did, at PELHAM's fight, inspire
Strains, that her LINCOLN's self forgives
10 (You see the daring Poet lives !)

She, that at PERCY-LODGE so late
From morn to night was us'd to prate,
Almost impertinent and rude,
Unbidden wou'd herself intrude
15 With tale, and epigram, and song,
To waft the chearful hours along,
Whilst I, o'erjoy'd myself to view
Alive, and with my Lord and You,
Not once could check her merry vein,
20 Her unpremeditated strain,
And did, from heedless joy, neglect
To greatness every grave respect ;
This muse, I say, inconstant grown,
Forsook me, when I came to town ;
25 Friend to my fortune, she withdrew,
When I left PERCY-LODGE and You.

Since

Since then, in vain I ask her aid,
In vain her cruelty upbraid ;
The town, she says, was ne'er her choice,
30 If there she tries to raise her voice,
Her strains are to their theme unjust,
Or drown'd in noise, or choak'd with dust.
Her plea is good. 'The muse's theme,
Like the pure, bright, harmonious stream,
35 Ne'er but in rural channels flows ;
Cities and Bards are endless foes.

Resolv'd Parnassus' top to climb,
* And there to build the lofty rhyme.

* Part of a verse
of MILTON's.

I to fam'd CLAREMONT's height aspire,
40 To borrow thence poetic fire,
To waft, like COOPER'S HILL, it's name
On wings of everlasting fame ;
Or, (if that bold attempt be vain)
Your partial ear to entertain.

45 I mount my chaise, the space between,
Fancy anticipates the scene,

Since

And

And Vanity, officious maid,

Thus offers her self-pleasing aid ;

“ Poor VANBRUGH’S plan is out of date,

50 “ And GARTH but saw it’s rising state,

“ His verse with tuneful fable rung,

“ But left it’s real charms unfung ;

“ But now, to my transported eyes,

“ In full maturity will rise

55 “ The bowers, the temples, and the groves,

“ That KENT has plann’d, and PELHAM loves.

At length, awaken’d from my dream,

My eyes behold the real theme,

And the gay sketch, that fancy drew,

60 They find more amiably true.

On a neat structure now they rest,

Where rural plainness is express’d,

With harvests stor’d, compact, and warm,

And, tho’ Palladian, yet a farm,

65 Whence cars, in rustick order drawn,

Pass, and repass the sloping lawn,

While

While flocks, in fleecy groups, around,
 Or, moving, crop the daisy'd ground,
 Or, sunk beneath the tufted trees,
 70 Turn, languid, to the noontide breeze.
 The lustier herds, in glare of day,
 Bask, and imbibe the sunny ray.

While these I view, on humid wings
 The fultry South a tempest brings,
 75 Black clouds invest the low'ring skies,
 And all the beauteous vision flies.
 Now from the thick-descending rain
 I drive across the darken'd plain,
 And leave the lovely scene behind,
 80 That just began to charm my mind.

How rare does pleasure stand the test !
 With patience now I arm my breast,
 And in a moralizing vein,
 With thoughts like these my grief restrain :
 85 " The skies are clear, when storms are o'er,
 " Again smooth waves salute the shore,

“ Each fun but sets to rise again,
“ And gild with morn the dewy plain ;
“ This hour, perhaps, hope cheats the mind,
90 “ The next, an equal joy we find.
Just so ; the house a shelter lends,
Within I find the best of friends,
SPENCE, whose soft bosom oft has known
To make another’s woe her own ;
95 She now, with hospitable grace,
Compassionates my present case,
Asks of your health, and hears with joy,
How you your growing strength employ
In rural cares and exercise ;
100 And kind congratulations rise,
When on my favourite theme I dwell,
And BEAUCHAMP’S rising virtues tell.
Fondly the vanity I share,
And recollect my pleasing care,
105 That, with parental aid combin’d,
Founded the structure of his mind :

So boastful builders call their own
Works, where they lay'd the first rude stone.

The storm subsides, the mount I gain,

110 Thence dart my eyes across the plain.

Full swelling to the sight, I found

First holy PAUL's majestic round,

Thro' wide AUGUSTA's smoak ; and now

Rose lofty WINDSOR's tow'ed brow ;

115 Here glitter streams of vulgar names,

There slowly winds imperial THAMES,

On his green banks, in level line,

Here spacious HAMPTON's turrets shine,

Whose windows kindling at the ray

120 Of Sol, beam back redoubled day ;

Towns, villages, and pointed spires,

And smoak thick-wreath'd from cottage-fires,

And planted villas, intervene,

To grace the sweetly-vary'd scene.

125 O'er all my eyes transported range,

With every glance the visions change,

E

Till,

Till, drawn by beauties nearer home,
 Along the lovely Park I roam,
 Now skim the walk, descend the glade,
 130 Then plunge into the deepest shade.
 Here flourish sweets in mingl'd bloom,
 There (worthy ancient GREECE or ROME)
 Fair temples, opening to the sight,
 Surprise each turn with new delight :
 135 In pleasure lost, I wish to gaze
 At once a thousand different ways.
 Awful or pleasing, every part
 Expands the soul, or glads the heart,
 Great, open, liberal, unconfin'd,
 140 Just emblem of its master's mind,
 Who knows unequal'd state to shew,
 Yet, gracious, stoops to all below.

Beneath a hill, whose hoary brow
 Ne'er felt the wound of scythe or plow,
 145 (Along whose wild and heathy side
 BRITANNIA'S * Naval heroes ride,

* About that time the crew of the Centurion were expected to pass by from Portsmouth with the prize-money taken from the Acapulca-ship.

When they, with colours wide display'd,
 That proud IBERIA'S sons upbraid,
 In tawny troop, from INDIA'S shore,
 150 Guard in rough pomp their captive ore)
 Mid circling waters lies an isle,
 Whose verdant shores reflected smile
 With Flora's painted hues; above,
 Soft-bosom'd in a shady grove,
 155 A dome, but half reveal'd to sight,
 Chequers the boughs with Parian white.

If chance from hence at evening fair
 The rising song soft steals on air,
 Which to the well-according strings
 160 The skillful voice sweet-warbling sings,
 The passing swain suspended stands,
 And, wond'ring, lifts to heav'n his hands,
 Doubts, if beneath some leavy spray
 Soft Philomela pours her lay,
 165 Or some blest'd spirit from above
 Enchants with harmony the grove;

Nor guesses that the tuneful art,
Which awes and charms his simple heart,
Is hers, whose bounty loves to bless
170 Sad sickening want, and lone distress,
And hers the sweet enchanting song,
To whom the list'ning groves belong,
And all, that her NEWCASTLE'S art
In boundless fondness can impart,
175 Each level walk, each shelving glade,
Whate'er employs the labourer's spade,
Whate'er rewards his patient toil,
And makes the barren desert smile.

This isle in tempting prospect stands,
180 Thither I stretch my eyes and hands,
Eager the farther shore to gain ;
But stretch my hands and eyes in vain.
For hark ! the threat'ning winds arise,
Again with clouds obscure the skies,
185 And tell my baffled hopes, that this
Is an enchanted isle of bliss,

Now in near prospect blooming fair,
And now involv'd in black despair!

My chaise regain'd, I cross the plain,
190 When lo! the sun beams forth again.
Hope, gay impostor, points the way,
Where, near the road, fair E_SHER lay;
And who at E_SHER wou'd not stay?

I turn'd. Retiring from the town,
195 The noble owner just came down.
I saw the gate behind him close,
Then murmur'd at this short repose
From cares for BRITAIN'S safety shewn,
Grudg'd his repose, who guards my own!

200 I now pursue my former way,
And with my journey end this day
Of hope, and fear, and pain, and pleasure,
Of all my other days the measure!

Yours a more even tenor know,
205 And scarce perceive an ebb or flow.
The cause is plain. To fortune's gale
You, cautious, never spread a sail:

Safe in your port, content at home,
You ne'er for painful pleasure roam,
210 And think it folly, if not sin,
One night to sojourn at an inn.
Nay, when the ATLAS of our state
Throws off for you a nation's weight,
In courtly terms your ear to greet,
215 And cast himself beneath your feet,
You (like EGERIA) in your grott
Or seek he must, or finds you not.
More cautious still, e'en when retir'd,
By wits nor censur'd, nor admir'd,
220 You say, (tho' every art your friend)
You dare to no one art pretend.

Your fear is just. Each state and nation
Assigns to Woman REPUTATION,
While Man asserts his wider claim,
225 Jealous proprietor of FAME.

Yet sure, without offence, you may
On nature's open leaf display
Your harmless unambitious skill,
To sink a grott, or slope a hill,

- 230 A dell with flowers adorn, or lead
A winding rill along the mead,
Or bid opposing trees be join'd,
In hospitable league intwin'd,
Without *their* leave, whose madness dares
235 Rouze human states to cruel wars ;
Or, if the BOURBON of the air
Against your feather'd folk declare
Fell war, betake you to th' alliance
Of net or gun, and bid defiance
240 To every robber, small or great,
That would disturb your calm retreat.
O may kind heaven propitious smile
On every art that can beguile
A son's long absence from your sight,
245 And render back that just delight !
From those distracting dire alarms,
That set a jarring world in arms,
From tainted air's infectious breath,
Where flies unseen the dart of death,
250 His steps, ye guardian angels, guide,
And turn the fatal shaft aside !

Return'd, his Parents' blifs to crown,
 And make all, earth can give, their own,
 Like SMITHSON's, may his manly heart
 255 Act not the vain, but gen'rous part,
 Call drooping art from her recess,
 With health, and ease, and fame to blefs!
 O may, like his, his riper age
 With caution tread the civil stage,
 260 Like him, th' enchanted cup put by,
 And every vain temptation fly,
 Of power, or pension, place, or name,
 If meant state-traps, that sink to shame;
 Yet his JUST PRINCE, without a bribe,
 265 Love-----more than all the venal tribe!
 But from these themes I now refrain,
 Reserv'd to grace a future strain.
 For I have trespass'd on your time,
 And see a tedious length of rhyme.
 270 What must it then appear to you?
 Respectful most this short adieu.

From the Fryary at Chichester,
 August 15, 1744.

F I N I S.

